

you should go into residency
in gynecology to show you
I wasn't the jealous type.

And you like me because I
was so blase even though
I told you I was rather intense.
And your lecture telling
me I talked in abstracts was
so true -- everything you say
is true.

So now this time I really
love you -- your beer belly and
lower extremities and everything
in between and your face
that looks like Norman
Mailer -- but most of all
your brilliant mind.

And all I want to do is be
pregnant. I practiced walking
with pillows all the time.
And how nice it would be
to breastfeed a baby. Isn't
that what life's all about anyway?

But that will never happen
because you'll leave me
for someone you'll meet
at a Mongolian singing
festival and I'll never
go out with anyone else.

I'll become a nun and say
Hail Mary's to my memories of you.

-- Patricia Hamilton O'Connor

Long Beach, Calif.

The Blahs

I am thirty-two years old
and like to get letters from poets
and excitable people. But there aren't
many people writing excitable poems
(horray for those who do) anymore.
People have this dull look about them, lately.
What is the matter with them?
The mail comes slowly and I've been
looking around for something better to do.